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THE

Banner of the Covenant.

MARCH, 1858.

FIRST REFORMED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK—TESTIMONIAL TO REV. DR. McLEOD.

ON the 14th of January, 1858, Rev. Dr. McLeod, of New York, completed a ministry of twenty-five years in his present pastoral charge. This was deemed by the congregation an occasion of so much interest as to deserve a grateful commemoration. Circumstances referred to in the following documents prevented this from taking place at the time above specified, and it occurred on the 3d of February last. While the whole transaction is highly honorable to the parties immediately concerned, it is also of general public interest to the Church, and, as such, we lay it before them.

INVITATION OF THE COMMITTEE.

NEW YORK, December 21st, 1857.

REVEREND AND DEAR PASTOR: On the 14th January, 1858, you will have been our Pastor twenty-five years. God, in his mercy, has blessed your labors in this Congregation. You have broken unto us, doctrinally and sacramentally, the Bread of Life for one quarter of a century. Many present at your installation in Chambers Street Church "rest from their labors." A new generation succeeds the past. As a Congregation, we have great cause of thankfulness to God that you have been enabled, so long, to continue earnestly pleading the cause of our Redeemer, and sustaining this department of His visible Church, in upholding the banner of the Reformation in this land. And also that we have successfully passed through several important changes; and that peace prevails within our borders. It is proper that more than a passing notice be taken of our progress as a people under your charge. We would, therefore, on behalf of the Congregation, invite you to prepare an historical discourse respecting this Congregation for the past twenty-five years. That thus, as a people, reviewing the past, with gratitude to God, "we may take courage," and resolve for more earnest effort for the future, in sustaining you

and your ministry, and thus set up our stone of help. "For hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

On behalf of the Congregation.

Yours, in the Gospel of Christ,

THOMAS CUMMING,

WM. AGNEW,

JAMES N. GIFFORD,

Members of Session.

JAMES STEWART,

DAVID C. WILSON,

JNO. T. AGNEW,

Members of Board of Trustees.

REV. JNO. N. McLEOD, D.D.,
87 West 20th Street.

DR. McLEOD'S REPLY.

To Messrs. Thomas Cumming, William Agnew, James N. Gifford, James Stewart, David C. Wilson, and John T. Agnew, of the Session and Board of Trustees.

RESPECTED AND DEAR BRETHREN: Your communication inviting me to a commemoration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of my settlement as pastor of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, has just come to hand. I thank you most cordially, both for the request you tender me, and the manner in which it is expressed. I value the good opinion of the people of my pastoral charge next to the approbation of God, and of conscience, and I shall enter upon the service required of me with feelings of high satisfaction. On the occurrence of the fifty-first anniversary of our organization as a congregation, we erected a "stone of help" upon the way that God had brought us hitherto. Let us now erect another, to the praise of the same grace that has sustained us in time past. Leaving the details of the arrangement to you and the congregation, I merely add, that I shall endeavor to prepare such a discourse as you desire, and present it to the public on the 14th day of January, 1858, when the anniversary shall occur.

I am, dear Brethren,

Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

JOHN N. McLEOD,

Dec. 22d, 1857.

87 W. 20th St.

ADDRESS ON PRESENTATION.

Made to Dr. McLeod, at his house, Tuesday, February 2d, and then replied to verbally.

REVEREND AND BELOVED PASTOR: As a committee on behalf of your congregation, we appear before you this evening. The duty assigned us is one of the most pleasing character; gratifying to ourselves, and indicative of the love and esteem of the members of your church for yourself, and their high appreciation of your

ministerial labors in the congregation for the past twenty-five years. Having assented to the request of your congregation to deliver "An Historical Discourse," on the 14th of January last, the anniversary of your installation, as pastor, you were prevented, by a serious accident to yourself, from the performance of the duty at that time. For your partial recovery now, and promise of being able to address your congregation at an early period, we congratulate you, and render to Almighty God our thanks for His goodness.

We would do injustice to the unanimity and cordial expression of feeling on the part of your congregation, were we not to tender you, our dear pastor, on this occasion, our warmest acknowledgments for the deep and untiring interest you have ever manifested in the spiritual and temporal welfare of your congregation; for your earnest efforts in making known the unsearchable riches of the Gospel of our blessed Lord, your labors to win souls to Christ, your encouraging the doubting, speaking peace to the distressed, leading the aged Zion-ward, counselling the young, sympathizing with the afflicted, and ever ready to hear and alleviate their complaint. Your public ministrations in the sanctuary are not the least of your pastoral labors. The sick and dying of your congregation have always found you hastening at their call, to administer that consolation which you, the servant of your Lord and Master, can so faithfully, judiciously, and affectionately give.

To some of the changes which have taken place in the congregation, during the past twenty-five years, we will but allude, as they may be remarked upon in your promised historical address. Called to the pastoral charge of your present congregation, you were installed Monday, January 14th, 1833; and from that period to the present time, you have been laboriously employed in dispensing, doctrinally and sacramentally, the great and unsearchable riches of the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Have we, as a people, improved, as we should have done, the great and inestimable privileges we have enjoyed? Have we encouraged and supported you in your work and labor of love? These questions we would, as a congregation, ask ourselves, and answer Him, before whom we all ere long will have to appear. Few congregations have been so highly favored as our own. For thirty-three years your venerated father, Rev. Doctor Alexander McLeod, labored as its pastor, then worshipping in the church in Chambers Street, with a faithfulness, earnestness, and eloquence seldom equalled, and never surpassed, the compeer of Rev. Drs. Livingston, Romeyn, Mason, and other eminent divines of our city. After a long period of great bodily suffering, he entered into his rest, "with the dignity and solemnity of one who believed he was about to be introduced to the presence-chamber of his God," on Sabbath morning, February 17th, 1833. The fathers, where are they; and the prophets, do they live forever? There are those yet worshipping under your pastoral care, who were present at the installation of your father, in the year 1801, preserved by a kind Providence, as a connecting

link with the generations which have passed away. May their lives be prolonged, that they may tell it to the generation following.

Since the period of your installation, many events have transpired calculated to retard the progress of a congregation. The removal from the church in Chambers Street to a location more central, and again to meet the requirements of an increasing congregation, in our rapidly extending city, the erection of our present church edifice, Twelfth Street, are among them. These, with many others, involving questions of great moment, as connected with the welfare of your congregation, have been brought to a successful issue, and for the benefit of our Church. In all our troubles referred to, and in their harmonious settlement, your judicious counsel and effort were pre-eminently useful. Nor in matters immediately connected with your congregation alone, has energy been directed. It appears in the continual increase of contributions from your congregation to the Foreign and Domestic Missionary cause, as supported by the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and to the various evangelical societies of our city; in the organization of Sabbath-schools, Young Men's Christian Association, and other kindred measures in our congregation. These have ever found in you a warm supporter, while in themselves giving evidence of the increasing strength and harmony of your pastoral charge. The results of your ministry, so full of promise for the future, calls on us as a people to acknowledge God's kindness in preserving your life and ministry so long to us, and to the cause of the Redeemer generally.

The King and Head of the Church, whose you are, and whom you have so faithfully served, is able and willing to reward you for all the labors you have performed for His name and the good of His Church and people; and this reward of grace He will bestow when your labors on earth are terminated.

On behalf, dear pastor, of your Congregation, we present, for your acceptance, the piece of plate now before you, on which you have the following inscription:

"Presented to REV. JOHN NIEL McLEOD, D.D., with six hundred dollars, by the First Reformed Presbyterian Congregation, as a testimonial of affection to their Pastor, and commemorative of the completion of the twenty-fifth year of his Pastorate. New York, January 14th, 1858."

A testimonial of their love and gratitude; an earnest of the renewal of their obligation to you, as a people; a pledge of their continued effort in sustaining you; an expression of their determination to be more devoted in prayer to God for his blessing, and of more activity in the cause than ever they have heretofore manifested. You will not, Dear Sir, esteem the gift for its intrinsic value alone. It will be prized for the sentiment it represents. It is the prompt, cheerful, free-will offering of your congregation; and, in a period of most severe commercial embarrassment, the spontaneous offering of a grateful people.

Our prayer is, that you may be long spared to go in and out

before us; that your bow may long abide in strength, and the arms of your hands be made strong by the mighty God of Jacob; and that when your labors among us are at an end, you may have an abundant entrance administered to you, into the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, and receive the palm of victory, and the plaudit, from the Master himself, of Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

On behalf of the Congregation, we subscribe ourselves,

Yours, affectionately,

JNO. T. AGNEW,

Chairman.

DAVID C. WILSON,

Secretary of Committee of Congregation.

NEW YORK, February 2d, 1858.

Committee of Congregation on Testimonial:—James Turner, Henry McCullem, Thos. Darling, David C. Wilson, Cornelius Agnew, Thos. Cumming, Wm. Agnew, Jas. N. Gifford, Jas. Stewart, John T. Agnew, Joseph T. Craig, Wm. Junkin, James Rodgers, Thos. H. Cuthell, Wm. A. Cumming.

On Wednesday, February 3d, at half past seven o'clock P. M. a large assembly met in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church. The devotional services were conducted by Rev. D. J. Patterson and Dr. Mathews. The address presented to Dr. McLeod with the testimonial, on the previous evening, was read, when the Doctor rose and delivered the following

HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

God's help remembered.—PSALM 77 : 10.

Twenty-five years—the quadrant of a century—is a large proportion of the life of man. And he who has passed that number as the pastor of a Christian congregation, has given the best of his days to the service, and incurred a sum of responsibility whose consideration is oppressive and almost overwhelming. When, however, these years have been those of effort in the work of God, of hope in his mercy, and of experience of his power in the conversion of the sinner, and the preparation of saints for glory, the era becomes one of light and joy, and worthy of being marked by a devout commemoration. If retrospection is the duty of the individual who would cultivate a spirit of gratitude to God for his mercies, who would improve by the past, and determine to make the future a season of extended progress, it is no less becoming in a Christian congregation which has been sustained in existence from year to year, and is not without evidence that it has been blessed by the God of our salvation.

The past and the future are but links in the same chain. The present is the connecting link between them. And whether we look backward or forward, God is there, and as we owe him gratitude for the present and the past, we owe him also confidence for the future.

The Organization.—The First Reformed Presbyterian Church in the City of New York was formally organized at the close of the year 1797. It is, of course, some sixty-one years old to-day, and has lived through two generations. Not an individual of the original membership now survives. And but three remain whose present memories can carry them back, with any considerable degree of distinctness, to the men or things of that early day. They were young children then. Their Christian parents, long since gone to their rest, took them by the hand to the school-rooms, and workshops, and other little sanctuaries, where the Church first gathered for religious worship; and the impressions then made have never left them. They possess and seek in their turn also to transmit the hereditary Christianity to others. Three others only, of the Presbyterian churches in New York, are older than ours; and two of these have changed their ecclesiastical relations, so that there remains but one that stands, as we ourselves do, on the ground of the original organization. The two referred to are the "Scotch Presbyterian," subsequently styled "The First Associate Reformed Church, New York," which was founded in 1756, and the "First Associate Church, organized in 1785." They are both at present in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (O. S.) The First Presbyterian Church, which dates back to 1716, is the other, of which we have said that it occupies its original position. Corporations remain, though individuals die. And all these highly respectable bodies continue, to this day, dispensing the Word of Life to the thousands that are under their influence in the City of New York.

During the more than sixty years of its establishment in New York, the First Reformed Presbyterian Church has maintained its existence, in good faith with itself, and in good feeling with all other Christian congregations around it. Its first Pastor, the late Rev. Dr. Alexander McLeod, was installed on the 6th of July, 1801; and, during the whole period of nearly fifty-seven years, which has elapsed, till now, it has never been without a pastor. Its two pastors were father and son. The former served the Church and his generation, by the will of God, for more than thirty-three years, and the latter is now invited, by the Christian consideration of his people, to commemorate, with them, as he is now doing, the twenty-sixth anniversary of his own settlement among them. This common relationship of the father and son, both in nature and office, is prolific of many strange coincidences; and, among these it may not be unworthy of mention, that they both commenced the exercise of the pastoral office, in this church, at the age of twenty-seven; and, should the life and incumbency of the present pastor be prolonged to the period of his father's age, it may be said of him, as it is said of his predecessor, that he had attained to the thirty-fourth year of his ministry to this Congregation. In our changeable land, and amidst the fluctuations of our great commercial city, such examples of stability in pastoral relationships are rare. We do not know that a similar instance exists in the history of the

churches of New York,—a continued pastorate of nearly fifty-eight years, sustained by father and son, and of whose continuity even death has made no interruption.

Rev. J. N. McLeod's Settlement.—On the 25th of April, 1832, the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church met in the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church in Sixth Street (now Waverley Place), New York. Upon the printed minutes of that day is the following record: "A petition, on behalf of the Session of the church in Chambers Street, was presented by Dr. McMaster, expressing the desire of Dr. McLeod, that, for two or three months, or during his present indisposition, his pulpit should be supplied; that that supply should be by Rev. J. N. McLeod, and that Synod direct accordingly. The petition was granted unanimously." Such was the immediate occasion of our coming to you to dispense the ordinances of the Gospel. Your venerated senior pastor was in declining health, and disabled from continuous labor. Your Christian consideration suggested a helper. You had known his son, born and educated among you, and you invited him, in preference to others, to come and supply your pulpit, from which the father's voice was now beginning to be but seldom heard. We yielded to the combined calls of filial affection and public duty. We parted from the beloved people of Galway, Saratoga County, New York, among whom we had been laboring in great comfort for nearly three years, and, in opposition to their strong remonstrance, came to serve you in the Gospel.

The summer and fall of 1832, during which we preached as your stated supply, was, in many respects, one of peculiar trial. Dr. McLeod's infirmities of body were daily increasing, and any other man but he would have desisted entirely from public service. But he loved, as he often said, "to blow the Gospel trumpet," and frequently came to the pulpit when he had hardly strength to stand.

It was a matter of agreement between him and me, that he would undertake the morning service, in whole or in part, and that should he become exhausted, I must be prepared to take up and continue the exercise, whenever he should lay it down. Sometimes he would be able to go through almost the entire morning duty. Again, he would be found competent only to the brief exposition of the Psalm. And, on other occasions, he could proceed no further than the second prayer, and breaking off abruptly, leave to me the lecture, which, in coming to the house of God, he had hoped to have exhibited himself. There were occasions, too, when on appearing in the sanctuary, he would find himself unable to ascend the pulpit stair, and the entire service would thus be devolved on his assistant. But when he did appear, whether it was for the few minutes or the hour, it was evident to all, that it was the body, not the mind that was enfeebled by disease; and there were sometimes strokes of eloquence, and burstings forth of power, and utterances of a matured spirituality, that told that the old fire was still burning within him, and that if he was to preach no more,

it was not because his mighty mind had failed him, but simply because his work was done. It was on one of these occasions that he preached his last sermon. His subject was "Death." It was the second of two; the first of which had been preached some time before. He had not finished all he desired to say in the first, and resumed the subject when able to appear again.

The text of the first was from Philip. 1: 21, "To die is gain." A brief abstract of the sermon remains on record, and is endorsed, "Composed in immediate view of death." The text of the second was from Rev. 9: 6, "Men shall seek death;" and is chiefly occupied in giving reasons why men do sometimes desire death. In the latter part of the discourse, he proceeds to speak of the "justifiable desire of death," and to assign the reasons why the Christian may desire to die. And, as he successively announced these reasons, he seemed to rise above all bodily infirmity, the spiritual prevailed over the material and mortal, and, supported by the powers of the world to come, he spoke with a commanding force of manner, and an unction of sanctified sensibility, that reminded many of his hearers of his best days, while it told them that death had no fears for him. The discourse was a picture of his own matured Christianity.

It was among such scenes as these, that we had the earlier part of our ministerial schooling. What improvement we have made, is for others to declare.

It was during this summer and fall also, that the Asiatic Cholera first visited New York. And we well remember the alarm which its appearance created. Striking its deathblows here and there, among the high and the low, the righteous and the wicked, it was felt to be a common calamity from God. Men knew not, when they retired to rest in health, but the grasp of the destroyer would be laid upon them before the morning; and the Christian was made to feel most sensibly, that his only refuge was in Him who is the great hiding-place from the storm. Never shall we forget the fearful night when the blow fell upon that region of the city, in the neighborhood of which we are now assembled. It was a serene and beautiful September evening, and we were returning home from some visitations to the sick, at a distance. Seeing our friend, Mr. John Pollock, standing at his own door, in Sixth Street, now Waverley Place, we stopped to converse for a moment. He was in fine health, and we congratulated one another that the pestilence seemed to have passed away, and that health was again restored to our habitations. But we were disappointed. Before the light of the succeeding morning had dawned, a messenger came to inform me that my friend was dying of the cholera. He did not live to see the morning. His Christian wife was also cut off. Within sight, on the other side of the street, Mr. Robert Dean, another man of eminent piety, had died, and before the evening we found ourselves among the very few who followed the three corpses together, to the narrow house. Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, this visitation, in which many others fell, came upon

that region of the city, and showed that the pestilence that walketh in darkness, had not yet discharged its whole commission. God provided for the widows and orphans of his servants who were left in those desolate habitations, and they are among us still, to praise his faithfulness. We look back to the scenes of death, the earnest prayer-meetings, the solemn days of fasting and humiliation, and the tender manifestations of His presence and love, which the God of mercy was pleased to make to his people, in the sanctuary on the Lord's day, by which that season of peril was distinguished, with chastened, but most grateful recollections.

Driven to her refuge under the shadow of the wings of him that is the Almighty, by the storm that was beating around her, the Church enjoyed the intimacies of His fellowship, and she was revived. Great social excitement is not necessary to the revival of religion in the Church of God, though it does often accompany it. The flower may be revived by the genial dew that gathers copiously around it, as well as by the pelting shower that falls from the dark bosom of the thundercloud, as its own force exhausts it. Nor were these the only elements of trial experienced by the Church, at the period to which we are now referring. It was also the season of division, in the Reformed Presbyterian Church at large.

On the 22d of November, of this same year 1832, an illegal assembly, styling itself the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, held its famous *pro re nata* meeting in this city, and entered the wedge of division, that ultimately split asunder the entire body in the United States. The history of this transaction is before the world in various forms, and we do not mean to enter upon it now. But looking back upon it as we now do through the chastened medium of a quarter of a century, we will take leave to say, that we have precisely the same opinion of it now, that we had when the events were transpiring. Sudden, ill-advised, and mistaken, it was the occasion of a sinful division in the Church of God. And as it was without adequate reason, so it was the prolific cause of unhappy conflict, wasted energy, impaired usefulness in the Church as a social body, and of no small amount of distress to the best of her members, who loved and sought her peace. And yet it would be injustice to the truth of God, and to the overruling providence of the Mediator Jesus Christ his Son, were we not to add, that all this has been over-ruled for good to the Church as a whole, to the public cause which she has in her hands, and to the promotion of the general interests of religion in the world. Although divisions and schisms in the Church of God are evils in themselves, like the thunderstorm which alarms, deluges, and destroys, while it purifies and revives; so they also are permitted of God to chastise for good, to arouse latent powers, to promote the spirit of inquiry, to demonstrate the stability of foundations based on eternal truth, and to drive men, vexed and weary with unprofitable conflicts, to the throne and the communion of the God of peace. The divisions in the Reformed Presbyterian Church have led to an investigation of her principles, her position, and her

purpose, and we believe that all of these are better understood now, and more practically and efficiently applied, than they have ever been before, both in this and other lands. Had not God permitted her internal conflict, and her walls in some places to be broken, she might have remained satisfied with entrenching herself in her own citadel, without going abroad as she is now doing, to Jew and Gentile, the Mohammedan and the heathen, and bearing to them the message of peace, from Him who is the Prince of the Kings of the earth.

After the storm came the calm, and we may add, as we desire to do, with feelings of profound gratitude to God, that the season of conflict in the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, has been succeeded by a quarter of a century of peace.

And here we may remark in passing, that violent disruptions in ecclesiastical bodies, and reunions, or attempts at them, have frequently been the order of the day, within the last twenty-five years. Shortly before our own, came the secession from the General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, which, under the name of the True Reformed Dutch Church, created much excitement at the time, and the fragments of which remain to the present hour. After this again, came the breach in the Associate Church, which is only recently healed, and about the same time, the great division of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church into the two denominations claiming the same name, that still exist. The Methodist Church also, has experienced a division on the question of communion with Slavery, which the Reformed Presbyterian Church had settled more than half a century ago.

We have had attempts, too, at reunion among all these bodies, and last of all between those bearing our own name. The attempts are right, and whether they shall be immediately successful or not, they indicate a movement in the right direction, and are the harbingers of the day, when the Church shall be one, and her name one, over all the earth. We are, indeed, not alone in our division, but this does not take away the reproach.

When our social whirlwind was blowing its highest blast, the fourteenth day of January, 1833, arrived; and he who now addresses you, was installed your associate pastor, with the succession, in the Old Chambers Street Church. On the succeeding Sabbath, being January 20th, we preached our first sermon, from the text, Daniel, 9:25, last clause, "*The street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times.*"

This language of the prophet was adopted as the subject of discourse: *first*, because it stated the fact appropriate to our own condition—the times were troublous; *second*, because it expressed the resolution with which we entered upon the work, "that the street and the wall should be built again;" and *third*, because we meant to make a strong declaration of our faith in the re-edification of the church by the blessing of God, though the times were adverse, and, to no small degree, discouraging. How the effort has succeeded, and the faith been rewarded, the existing condition of things demonstrates.

Discouragements.—There were three things, among others, which constituted the peculiar discouragements of that day, and which we feel it dutiful to mention. *The senior pastor was dying.* Though unable to go abroad, and too ill to be present at the installation, he gave directions in reference to the whole matter; and, with perfect self-possession, indicated to the members of Session, and to the ministerial brethren who carried on the service, the proper course to be pursued in the difficulties by which they were surrounded. When he was informed that the installation was effected according to the due order, he gave thanks to God, and then made use of the remarkable language: "It is well; the Church is safe for a quarter of a century." After this, he seemed to withdraw himself entirely from the world, and from concern about matters of public interest. He felt that the tide of life was ebbing fast, and he waited for his call to enter into rest, with an intelligent and delightful composure. On the 17th day of February, 1833, he died. It was the Sabbath. We were in the sanctuary. About the very moment that we were joining in prayer for his welfare, and asking for him a happy deliverance from this evil world, his spirit took its flight to God. A messenger comes to inform us of the fact. It is announced; and the voice of weeping, not to be restrained, filled the house, and ascended up before God. It told how much he was beloved. And it did more—it told that souls had been born unto God, and educated for heaven under his ministry. It was the utterance of much more than mere natural affection. But, on this theme, we can add no more. It has been spoken of elsewhere, and to purpose. There are some present here, this evening, who witnessed the scenes we have been describing. And there are others who, although they may not have been in the house of God on the memorable Sabbath to which we have been referring, were the fast friends and admirers of Dr. McLeod to the end of his career. Many, who formed that congregation, have already joined him in heaven. And others will be there ere long. But, whether we now speak to the honor of the memory of those that are gone, or to the gratified sensibilities of such as survive, our present object is to return our grateful acknowledgments to the Church, as such, for all their steady and undeviating kindness to the venerated senior pastor while he lived, and the invariable respect they have paid to his memory since he has passed away. This you have inscribed upon that tablet of stone,* which you have built into the very wall of the house, as an emblem of its permanency. And you have declared it to all men, in the stately marble of his tomb, which you have piled up in your cemetery, at Greenwood, that it may be known and read by your posterity. The commencement of our pastorate among you was signalized by the death of our senior. It admonished us, whose mantle we had undertaken to wear, and in whose place upon the wall we were attempting to build, in the times of trouble.

But, there was another cause of discouragement in existence at

* The marble tablet at the right of the pulpit.

this period. *We were involved in an unprofitable lawsuit about church property.* In this you were, as in all the other cases of difficulty that characterized the times, the defendants. Shortly before the death of Dr. McLeod, a party, formed of a minority of the officers and members of the church, had seceded from it, being connected with those who had made the disruption in the Eastern Synod. They claimed the property of the church, and entered a suit at law to divest the Consistory, being a corporation, of its possession. A sum of money, fully equal to all the interest they had in it, was offered them to save litigation. They refused its acceptance. The suit proceeded. The last decision of the courts was against them. The Chancellor of the State made his decree fully entering into the merits of the case, and sustaining the corporation and its rights. A sum of money was again offered to prevent further and expensive litigation. The complainants accepted, and subscribed a legal document, in which they relinquished all claim to the corporate name, title, or property of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York. Your vindication was complete. And another of the storm-clouds, that had hung over your heads, was blown away. We again breathed more freely, and began to address ourselves more vigorously to our appropriate work as a Church of Jesus Christ.

A third source of discouragement that retarded our progress was the want of a suitable and permanent place of worship. Deprived of the occupancy of the church in Chambers Street for half the time, and it being subsequently rented to the First Presbyterian Church, we were often dependent on the bounty of our Christian friends for a place to meet for the service of God. For nearly two years, this state of things continued, while the uncertainties of the pending lawsuit were still hanging over us. At one period, the congregation assembled in the basement of Dr. Stark's church, in Grand Street. At another, in that of Dr. Dunbar, in McDougal Street, and again, in one of the upper rooms of the Crosby Street Institute, which had been fitted up for their accommodation. And it was while this condition of things existed, that the purchase was made of the Union Presbyterian Church in Prince Street, where the congregation continued until their removal to their present locality. Assuming the responsibility, a few resolute men of the Consistory purchased for \$20,000 the church-edifice and its appurtenances. They were resolved, let the then pending lawsuit go as it might, to have a house for the worship of the God of their fathers, and they were not afraid to risk their own names and personal credit in this work of faith. They showed themselves to be men in earnest, and they were rewarded in the success that crowned their exertions. The purchase of the church in Prince Street was an era of great interest in our congregational history. It furnished a rallying point and a home, and enabled us to set all our congregational machinery in proper operation.

The numerical force of the congregation, at this period (from 1833 to 1835), will appear by an exhibition of the following statis-

tics. The members of Session were Messrs. Andrew Gifford, David Clark, James Nelson, Joseph McKee, and Robert Pattison. And the other members of Consistory, who then held the office of deacon, William Agnew, Moses Speers, John Cuthell, Robert Bates, and John Tait. Messrs. Gifford, Clark, and Nelson, have all entered into their rest, giving every evidence that they died the death of the righteous. Messrs. Cuthell and Bates have also passed away, sustained by the hope of eternal life. Mr. McKee yet lives to serve God in his office in the Second Church, and the rest are with us still.

Including these officers of the church, the membership in regular standing, voting at the call of the present pastor, were 94; subscribers subsequently, 31. Of these, there were male members, 32; families, 41; and making the entire membership, at the close of the year 1833, 127. And this embraced all the Reformed Presbyterians adhering to the General Synod, not only in New York, but also several residing in Brooklyn, Williamsburgh, Ulster County, New York, and parts of New England adjacent to the city.

In the month of February, 1835, Mr. Thomas Cumming returned from the church in Waverley Place, and Mr. William Pattison from White Lake, and were re-elected members of Session. And about the same time, the congregation was strengthened by the return of several other valuable members, who had been for a time in connection with the same Sixth Street Church. Mr. William Pattison has gone to his rest, and so, also, have Messrs. Samuel Radcliffe and Thomas Wilson, who, with Mr. Joseph Clark, had been added to the Session in 1837. In 1844, the Session was again enlarged by the addition of Messrs. William Agnew, Moses Speers, John Cuthell, James N. Gifford, William Matthews, John Parr, and George Darling.

During the following year it was determined to change the mode of managing the fiscal concerns of the congregation. The permanent Board or Consistory was dispensed with, and a Board of Trustees, composed of male members of the congregation in regular standing, was substituted. The Act authorizing this was passed by the Legislature on the 10th of May, 1845; and on the 17th of June, the following persons were elected the first trustees, viz.: Thomas Cumming, Joseph McKee, George C. Alexander, James Pollock, John T. Agnew, Cornelius Agnew, Samuel Clark, David Morrison, and James Abbott. James Pollock, President; John T. Agnew, Secretary.

The able and efficient Secretary continues in the discharge of his duties, but the respected President, whose heart was in everything that concerned the interests of the Church, has passed to his reward. His death was a public loss.

Prior to this period too, the Sabbath School was organized and put in efficient operation. The Missionary Society, composing, at first, the almost entire membership of the congregation, was established, and began to aid efficiently in the effort which the Church

was making to send the Gospel to the heathen. And a special colporteur was employed to seek out and bring to the Church of God, and means of grace, the destitute and regardless, under the shadows of our own sanctuary at home.

For more than twenty years this church had the satisfaction of paying one-third of the personal salary of Dr. Campbell, our efficient missionary in Northern India. And now that this arrangement has given place to another, she has more than doubled her subscriptions, and is pledged to pay in addition the salary of John Niel McLeod, a Mohammedan in India, converted to Jesus Christ, and preparing to preach the Gospel to his benighted countrymen. The increased resources of the Church and her individual members should lead her to a much larger contribution.

The last ten years.—Among the events of public interest which have transpired within the last ten years of our congregational existence, we regard the four following as deserving of a distinct record. *First.* The organization of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn, the nucleus of which came from our own. This took place on the 3d of April, 1848. In the month of January preceding, as we sat in our study, while the snow was falling copiously without, the thought struck us, and we think it was a suggestion from above, that there should be a Reformed Presbyterian Church in the City of Brooklyn. We saw several individuals with growing families attending diligently on our own ministry in Prince Street, who were coming across the river, and at a distance of miles, to receive the ordinances as they desired. There was then no church in Brooklyn, where the doctrine, the psalmody, and the order of the ancient Presbyterianism were exhibited; and there were many there desiring an ecclesiastical home, as having been formerly in connection with the Reformed Presbyterian Church, here or in other lands. There was room and opportunity for church extension on the other side the river. And it was dutiful to improve it. We proceeded to Brooklyn on the next morning, examined the ground, procured a hall, conferred with Mr. Thomas McBurney and one or two others, and advertised for preaching on the following Sabbath. On repairing to the place of worship we found thirty-one persons present, the faces of most of whom were familiar. We preached all day, and announced in the evening that the services would be continued there. The Rev. D. J. Patterson, then a licentiate in Philadelphia, was invited to come on and take charge of the station. God had designed it as his future field of labor. He took charge. At the date already mentioned, the organization was effected, Mr. Patterson was called and settled, and still remains there, a laborious and diligent pastor, over an active, exemplary, and useful people, whose organization has blessed the community in which they are. Twenty-five persons entered into the Church at its organization. Including these, four hundred and forty-two have been admitted to its membership. And although, like the churches on this side the river, it is subject to a constant change, it now numbers two hundred communicants.

The second event of more than ordinary interest which we mention, is the removal of your place of worship to your present locality. Required, by the removal of a large majority of the congregation to the upper part of the city, and designed to place the church in a position for extension to other and growing localities, when the providence of God should favor, this movement was an intelligent effort to promote the respectability, spirituality, and increased usefulness of the body in New York. Time has shown that it was founded in wisdom. You have now a fine church property, in a central locality, with all the accommodations needful for your schools, lectureships, associations, and social meetings for devotion. And all this, by the good management of your efficient trustees, unincumbered by debt.

Looking back upon the past, we should thank God to-day for our becoming and beautiful sanctuary, where day by day we worship God in tranquillity, as we are permitted to call it all our own. Let it remain as the old homestead of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, for the use of our posterity; and may God bless all efforts at extension, either to the destitute regions in the older part of the city, or the growing localities of the new.

A third event of interest we mention,—the removal of the burying-ground to Greenwood. Whatever may have been the fears or differences of opinion that prevailed among any, when this movement was proposed, the wisdom and sagacity that distinguished it is now universally admitted. We urged it as a Christian duty to the honored dead, whose remains the commercial spirit was disturbing and disregarding; for care of the dead is a dictate of the religion of Jesus Christ. But the object has been accomplished, and who is there that is not satisfied now? Yes! your congregation of the dead at “Hillgirt Lawn” lies before you in its quiet attractions, studded over with the memorials of your affection, and telling the stranger of your care even for the pious poor, for whom provision is made in this place, that should know no distinctions. You visit it as the garden in which slumber the fathers and the mothers, the sons and the daughters, who have gone before you to their rest, and whom, in your turn, you expect ere long to follow. The winter covering which it now wears, and the cold marble that stands up in its loneliness, may indeed tell you of the stagnation of death; but its vernal greenness and its summer bloom speak more forcibly and in more satisfying strains of the resurrection of the pious dead to life and immortality. “I did not know that there was so beautiful a spot on earth,” said the late Rev. Dr. McMaster, when, for the first time, he visited Greenwood Cemetery. “It is an earthly paradise for the body of the Christian, while his soul is in the paradise above.” Some suppose that Greenwood, too, will at some time be disturbed. We do not believe it. Before this could be done, the millennium will be upon us, and thenceforward the prevalence and control of the religious principle will prevent it to the end of the world.

The last event which we now mention, as it comes before us in

chronological order, is the organization of the Second Reformed Presbyterian Church. This was the result of a voluntary colonization from yourselves. And its object was to aid in supplying with the ordinances of the Gospel, according to the order of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, the destitute regions of the central and lower parts of the city. The organization took place, under the eye of Presbytery, in the month of July, 1851, and then, or shortly after, fifty-one persons were dismissed from the First Church to enter into its membership. In June, 1852, Rev. S. L. Finney was installed its pastor. Its interests have been sustained with liberality and perseverance. An excellent house of worship has been secured. Its pastor has continued to labor in season and out of season to promote its edification, and it has not been without evidence of the Divine presence and favor. It now numbers one hundred and eighty-three communicants. Behold three bands, where, at the beginning of our quarter of a century there was but one! "The little one has become a thousand."

In the years 1852 and 1853, we discharged the duties of Professor in Theology, under appointment of the General Synod. Having resigned this, on the removal of the Seminary to Philadelphia, we declined a reappointment that had been made, mainly lest it might interfere too seriously with our pulpit and parochial duties here.

In 1855, Messrs. James Stewart, Joseph T. Craig, John H. Brown, James Sample, and Humphreys Miller, were added to the Session.

Conclusion.—1. And now, brethren, let us inquire, as we close our review, what have we been doing for the last twenty-five years as an organized Church? To this the following summary may aid you in replying.

At the close of the year 1833, the number of church-members in New York and its vicinity, connected with General Synod, was, all told, 127. Since that period there have been received into the communion of the First Church alone, 870; and of the three churches, 1545. The First Church now numbers, communicants, 471. While, in the three churches, the number is 854. During this period, we have delivered to you, in the form of lectures and sermons, more than twenty-five hundred discourses; and have explained the whole book of Psalms, in your hearing, nearly three times. We have united in marriage those whom we had baptized as infants in their parents' arms, and whose parents also we had married. We have visited your sick, buried your dead, sympathized with you in your sorrows, rejoiced in your joys, and shared in your efforts to do good to all men, having in view the recompense of reward. In a word, the Gospel of salvation has been statedly preached in your hearing. The Sacraments have been dispensed, the Communion of Saints has been enjoyed. All the ordinances of Divine grace have been administered. And we have co-operated with Christian men of every name in endeavoring to communicate the blessings of salvation to others.

Wherever this is done, we know that God's gracious presence has been enjoyed, and the two great ends of the Church's organization, the conversion of sinners and edification of saints to some good degree secured.

Blessed be God, we have had our times of revival. We have seen his power in the conversion of sinners; we have beheld the youth of the Church, in very encouraging numbers, avouching the God of their Father's house to be their own God. During our communion seasons, at the serene and holy deathbeds of elders, and youth, and pious females, we have witnessed the Divine power to support and save. And thus have had evidence, that God has used our organization to aid in preparing his saints of the existing generation for glory.

We trust that we have not been altogether unprofitable servants, though we have, indeed, come very far short.

But, 2. Mark the changes of this period. How extensive, and to some of you, how radical they have been! When we look around us upon the city clergy who occupied the pulpits of the churches, when we came to yours, we find a very small number remaining. Of all who then discharged the pastoral office in the Reformed Dutch Church, two only now remain: they are Drs. De Witt, of the Collegiate, and Marcellus, of the Bleecker Street Churches. Dr. Matthews is without pastoral charge, although still laboring abundantly in promoting the cause of God. Dr. Brownlee is prostrated by the hand of Him whom he so long served. Dr. Knox has been recently translated, we had almost said, to heaven; and others have, in various ways, ceased from their pastoral labors. Stark and Irving, the pastors of the only two Associate Churches then in the city, are both removed by death; and of all who occupied the pulpits of the Presbyterian churches in January, 1833, Drs. Phillips, Spring, McElroy, and Krebs, alone remain. Mr. Gibson, then pastor of the Second Church, in connection with the other Reformed Presbyterian Synod, has also passed away. And Drs. Black, Wylie, and McMaster, those mighty men who laid the foundations of our own Church in the United States, who were the bosom friends of your senior pastor, and whose voices you have so often heard with delight, as they proclaimed the Gospel from this pulpit, have all ceased from their labors, and gone to their reward.

And what changes have occurred among ourselves! But about thirty, both males and females, of the hundred and twenty-seven that began the pastoral life with us, are among us now, and the most of these have gone the way of all the earth. And yet we have some links remaining of the chain that connects us with the earlier day. Mr. William Agnew, Mr. James N. Gifford, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wylie, who were young children when the installation of the senior pastor took place, are with us still. Mrs. Jane Martin, now in her 89th year, became a member of the Church by her own profession in 1802; and Mr. James Donan in 1808, just fifty years ago.

Mr. Thomas Cumming, now the father of our Session, who was first recognized as our elder in 1817, still lives in active usefulness

to tell us of the Session more than forty years ago. But blessed be God, although men die, principles are permanent, and the Church is immortal. Your organization is continued. Your cause has extended. You have been going on in a course of progressive improvement, and your numbers now in the First Church alone, have experienced a nearly fourfold augmentation.

But how admonitory, Brethren, are all these changes. Death will ere long claim us also, and some other voice will tell the world when you and I departed from it; it may be, when the history of the next quarter of a century is written. Let us remember, that the grand end of the Church of God, subordinate to the Divine glory, is to prepare the redeemed of Christ for Heaven. Are we undergoing this preparation?

But 3. Let us go on in our evident course of duty, as we come daily nearer to the throne where our account must be rendered. The past quarter of a century has been marked by the rapidity of its movements. Its motto has been *Progress*. Progress in the arts and sciences, in the advance of Christian civilization, in the establishment of friendly commercial relationships among the nations, in the circulation of the Bible, in the extension of Christian Missions, and in the social revolutions by which God usually prepares the way for the enlargement of the kingdom of his Son.

It is an article in the creed of your Church, that the *true religion* will, one day, pervade and influence all nations; and that men will be blessed from the Mediatorial throne of Jesus Christ, around which they shall gather as the grand central point of their attraction and source of their happiness. And the progress of the world is to this point, although it may yet experience many retardations. Let us be faithful to our cause as men, as Christians, and as Reformed Presbyterians. Let us not be ashamed of our old and honored name; and of our older, and still more honored, principles. It was recently said by a distinguished Professor, when about to be inaugurated at one of the Theological Seminaries of the country, "that the Westminster Confession of Faith and Catechisms contained the most perfect development of the Christian religion made by man." This we believe. This is the comprehensive ground of the Reformed Presbyterian Church; and it is her adherence to this, with uncompromising strictness, and in the application of the principle to the social relations of men in civil and political, as well as in individual and religious life, that anything that is peculiar to her testimony consists.

And now, dear Brethren of the congregation, I render you my sincere and hearty thanks for all the personal acts of kindness which you have done to me and mine, for the last quarter of a century. I thank you for the respectful attention which you have paid to my ministry, and for the co-operation you have always afforded me in every effort to do good. We have had our struggles and difficulties, but our pastoral connection has been characterized by mutual confidence and regard; and I can now say, in truth, that there is not a single member of the congregation, male or female,

with whom I have any personal difficulty, and when I rise from day to day to preach the Gospel, I know not that I am heard by a single personal enemy. This anniversary commemoration is of your own suggestion. The munificent testimonial by which you mark it with permanent interest, is before me. The sentiments expressed by its inscription, I value more than the precious metals which form and accompany it. For this also, I thank you, while I conclude by the utterance of the prayer, that you may all be put in possession of those enduring riches which are far more precious than the gold that perishes.

THE FUGITIVE IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS.

IN the summer of 1852, Colonel B——, on an excursion to the snowy range of the Himalayas, had proceeded into the mountains some twenty miles beyond any known habitation of civilized man, when the natives told him that in a village near by a white man was living in concealment. Incredible as it appeared, Colonel B—— followed his guides to a little native hut with mud walls and roof of grass. Taking a peep in at the low entrance, sure enough, there he spied an elderly person with a white face, but in the most shabby dress of the natives, who, on catching a glance of the intruder, rushed into a dark corner of his miserable hovel, out of which the most earnest entreaties and assurances of good intentions scarcely brought him.

He was the son of an English gentleman, who, like thousands of the highbred youth of England, had come to India to procure a title to a government pension, and after remaining here ten or twenty years, return home and live in ease. Like not a few who come to this land, supposing he could scarcely avoid becoming rich, he had run recklessly into debt, until he was threatened with a term of years in close confinement unless he should immediately cancel his liabilities, to do which he was totally incapable. He fled beyond the limits of the British territory to the place where Colonel B—— found him, where he had subsisted for some fifteen years, in every respect in the manner of the wild natives around him, not excepting their revolting vices.

Colonel B—— told him of a debt he owed, which, if not soon discharged, might consign him to chains and darkness, not for a term of years, but for eternity; entreated him to make sure of escaping that everlasting imprisonment in the dungeons of the unutterably miserable; prayed with him, and gave him a few tracts, which like many good men, Colonel B—— is in the habit of taking with him wherever he goes.

Two years after, he again visited him, and found that the seed he had been permitted to sow was springing up. On reading the tract "*It is the Last Time*," he could have no peace of mind until

he found assurance of his greatest debt being cancelled by the blood of Christ.

His brother, who was receiving a salary in India nearly equal to that of the President of the United States, was delighted to be permitted to meet his earthly liabilities, and requested him to return to England and live the remainder of his days in comfortable ease. But no; he said he had opposed and reviled the Christian religion in India, and here he wished to do what he could to counteract his past evil influence.

He is now at S——, daily assisting a missionary in proclaiming to the heathen the only way of eternal life. May He whose grace has raised him thus far out of the loathsome den, lead him still onward, and make him an eminent aid and ornament to the religion which he so long despised and reproached.

In what various ways does God enable him to do good whose heart is set upon it. The author of that tract probably never thought of its floating over the waves fifteen thousand miles, fluttering on the breeze another thousand miles into the heart of a heathen country, amidst the bears and wolves and wild men of the Himalayas, lighting upon a poor degraded immortal, "twice dead and plucked up by the roots," and making him a son and heir of the Lord God Almighty, a being to reign on the throne of the universe forever with the King of kings. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!"

W. CALDERWOOD.

INSTALLATION OF REV. R. McCracken, AND REMARKS UPON THE FIELD.

On the 2d day of December last, Rev. R. McCracken was installed Pastor of the Walnut Hill congregation, situated in Marion County, Illinois, nine miles from Centralia, on the Central Railroad, and twelve miles from Salem, on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad. The sermon was preached by Rev. N. K. Crow, from 1 Cor. 15 : 1. The same installed by prayer, and gave a charge to the people. The constitutional questions were put, and a charge given to the pastor, by Rev. J. Alford.

A remark or two respecting this field. The position of Brother McCracken is an exceedingly interesting one. Walnut Hill has seen many reverses : the candlestick has been once and again removed, but the *light* of the Gospel has still continued to shine among them. There is, we think, no part of the West more inviting to the emigrant, than Southern Illinois. There has been, and still is, a disposition to overlook this portion of the West. We are free to say, no section has been more abused and slandered. An opinion has obtained currency, and almost general credence,—that, as respects *light*, its *darkness* is comparable only to that of Egypt, that could be felt—that, as respects *health*, it is one great

lazar-house. The opinion is, manifestly, not founded on fact. We came here, a short time ago, with as strong prejudices against the country as any one could have. We believed the above view to be about correct. Our observations have been confined mainly to Marion, Washington, St. Clair, Randolph, and Perry Counties. There are *parts* of these counties (as of most sections), where the people are ignorant; but, in all of them, societies and communities *can* be found, that will compare well, as regards intelligence and morals, with those of any other part of the Union. In any of the above counties, congregations can be found, and settled pastors, connected with some of the Reformed Churches of the Presbyterian family. And quite sure I am, that you will agree with me, when I say, that wherever you find these, you find more than an ordinary degree of intelligence. The community does not know the resources and wonderful attractions of this region, and it seems to glory in its ignorance, and uses no effort to come to a knowledge of the truth. There is, however, we are sure, brighter days in store for us. This section will, we doubt not, in future be more appreciated than in the past. We want no one to be deceived. The most we would ask of any one is to give us a call before they locate elsewhere. If he then finds our country inferior in advantages to the North, he can pass on. We have travelled through Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Northern Illinois, and we do not know what advantage the emigrant can find by going northward. The truth is, Community (that gullible dame), has suffered herself to be grossly imposed upon respecting the facilities of the North. If truth was known, it has no advantages superior to this region. Here lands are cheap, owing to the fact that a stigma, groundless and false, has been resting upon the country; but, they are fast rising in value.

Here is a good farming country, beautiful prairies, abundance of wood and coal, and farmers are fast becoming rich; the cabins of former days have nearly all passed away, and, in their stead, we see the neat white cottage, or the more imposing brick edifice.

Here, there is, so far as I can discover by observation, inquiry, and one year's residence, as good health as in any other portion of the West. Here, we have a milder climate than can be found in the latitude of Chicago. Here, the Associate, Associate Reformed, and Reformed Presbyterian, can find the Church of his fathers. There are, in the above named counties, at least, thirteen ministers, whom we could name in connection with some one of the Reformed Churches. There is, besides, several vacancies, owing to the fact, that the licentiate has his mind impregnated, from the first, with prejudice against this portion of the country; and so inveterate is this prejudice, that he often comes and tarries awhile without its removal, and goes away elsewhere. Some are determined to believe no good of the land, so they carry away an evil report; not, indeed, that there are giants in the land, and walled towns, but rather, that the inhabitants are grasshoppers, and the towns a

failure. Will your readers pass this section, and give us a call as they proceed westward, and judge for themselves?—We ask no more.

K.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOHN POLLOCK.

DIED, at Rutland, Illinois, JOHN POLLOCK, of New York City, aged twenty-four years and twenty days, of consumption.

And has he fled from us,
O! has he gone away,
To brighter scenes and heavenly joys,
To clear, immortal day!

A follower of Christ
He truly seemed to be;
A young, but careful traveller
To a bright eternity.

He lived a life of faith,
He died the Christian's death;
Christ, while he lived on earth,
Christ, in his last-drawn breath.

His youthful feet had trod
The paths of righteousness,
He used the constant prayer,
That God his life would bless.

And now he will receive
The promise to him given,—
To be with Christ, his God,
To dwell with him in heaven.

And when our journey's done,
O! may we join him there,
To sing the thankful song,
To utter heavenly prayer.

A. H. S.

LETTER FROM REV. W. CALDERWOOD.

ANBALA, October 29th, 1857.

DEAR BROTHER STUART:

About the 17th inst., I believe it was, I wrote you that Mrs. C. and I felt quite safe at Saharanpur; but, the next day, we were warned that we might expect to be required to leave on very short notice; and the day after that—the 19th inst.—we received the advice, as good as an order, from both the highest civil and military authorities in the place, to leave as quickly as possible. The danger apprehended was, that some three thousand rebels, with a number of guns, who had collected on the eastern side of the Ganges, under a petty chief, I think about thirty miles from Saharanpur, intended to make a sudden attack, and plunder our rich city, and

some other smaller ones around, which have not yet been plundered. We had only two workable guns, and *no* gunners, about five hundred trained native soldiers, five hundred raw recruits, &c., thirty European officers, &c., with *no* European soldiers, and no fort of any strength. The officer commanding our force said, if we should be attacked by that band, which was attempting to cross the Ganges, he would make no effort to save Saharanpur, but would immediately retreat to the mountain-pass, near Dehra. The acting magistrate,* very kindly, procured conveyance for us, and sent a number of our things, which we were most desirous of saving, along with his own, to this place—*Ambala*. Additional force was immediately brought into Saharanpur District, and strong guards placed at the fordable places of the river, so that the rebels have not yet succeeded in crossing. Dangers seem to spring up so suddenly, that we scarcely know what to expect, but we keep on hoping, unworthy as we are, that, in God's mercy, our station may be spared. In two weeks, our Annual Meeting is to be held here, so that Mrs. C. and I have not been incommoded greatly by coming a little earlier. We are enjoying the hospitality of our good brother missionaries, the Carletons, with whom we are very happy. The magistrate of this place, day before yesterday, gave the order for the destruction of many of the haunts of Mohammedan faquirs, around the city, and of one musjid; and yesterday, the native servants of government, in this district, were collected, and most of the Mohammedans dismissed, and their places filled by Hindoos. This is a specimen of what will be done, sooner or later, throughout a large part of India. And wherever native Christians can be obtained, they will, doubtless, be preferred more than formerly. Thus, a little worldly compensation will be made to those who, in becoming Christian, lose all their patrimony, and are banished from their family society. In various ways, we shall soon see that God will cause the wrath of man, in the late mutiny, to praise him.

I have forgotten whether I told you, in another letter, that, on my arriving at Saharanpur, about the first instant, the civil authorities interdicted my preaching in the native city. Before leaving Landour, the chief magistrate of Saharanpur told me that "all was quiet there, and that we could return and remain there in perfect safety." A few days after we arrived, I accidentally met the *associate* magistrate—the supreme authority there for the time—in company with another gentleman, who remarked to me, "Do you know, that I think some day you will get knocked over in the city?" "By whom?" "O by some of these natives, that hate such men as you missionaries," &c. &c. The associate magistrate immediately took up the subject; and, among other things, said that I was "not only endangering my own life, but the safety of the whole station." I stated that I had no fears whatever for my own or others' safety from *that quarter*, and repeated what the magistrate, who had just left the station, whom I met at Landour, had told me. I pre-

* This is not the magistrate who forbid our preaching in the city.

sumed that would be the end of it, although I did not particularly relish the responsibility attempted to be put on my shoulders; but early next morning, he wrote, insisting on my not preaching, and two of our best friends wrote, apparently, in the utmost consternation, insisting on the same, and warning me that if I did not yield, force would be applied. The Hindoos and Mohammedans preach all through the city every day; and, while an interdict was lying on our preaching *in the city, on our own land*, I saw Mohammedans worshipping on a nice platform, apparently built for the purpose, in the front yard of his house who had forbidden us doing the same on our own premises. The times we had preaching there, the audiences were quite as quiet and respectful as before the mutiny. The associate magistrate, in a note to me, says, "I am as anxious as you can be for the advance of Christianity in the country." Now this is a fair specimen of a large class of influential government servants in this country. Without doubt, they honestly *think* that they desire the spread of Christianity, but, some way or other, find it necessary or expedient to give ten favors or privileges to Islamism or Hinduism for one that they give to Christianity. In England and here, this spirit largely prevails. If our hope were in man, surely we would have good reason to despair. But God will accomplish his ends, even by means of their opposition. For the sake of stability, government has turned a cold side to Christianity, and favored Islamism—God has made that very policy the means of shaking this government with fearful convulsions from centre to circumference. The heathen may rage, the rulers may take counsel together against the Lord, but He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh, the Lord shall have them in derision. Let us do *our* duty, our Master will not neglect *His* work.

The "Banner" is, doubtless, mailed to us regularly, but, I think, only one Number has reached any of our stations since May. I think the April Number is the last we have received, although the Presbyterian, I believe, has come pretty regularly. If it could be mailed to us in newspaper form, uncovered and uncut, its coming would not be in violation of law, and would be likely to come more regularly. Excuse such a lengthy lingo—I have run on scarcely noticing the length.

Very affectionately yours,

W. CALDERWOOD.

LETTER FROM REV. J. S. WOODSIDE.

SAHARANPUR, November, 1857.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER STUART:

I arrived here this morning on my way to the Annual Meeting of the Mission at Ambala, and having time to write a few lines, I now inclose this in a letter I had previously written Mr. Small. The news from all quarters is now rather encouraging. We have just heard that a great battle has been fought at Lucknow (the

capital of Oude). The English are said to have lost 400 killed, and 600 wounded. They, however, as usual, conquered, taking 33 guns, and driving the enemy completely out of the city. Lucknow is the last stronghold of the rebels. The Mohammedans are defeated in the two strongholds of their two principal sects. Delhi was the capital city of the Soonees, and Lucknow the capital of the Shiahhs. Thus this branch of Antichrist is crushed in both its heads in Hindūstan. The defence of Lucknow, or rather, the defence of the small garrison in that city, will rank among the most brilliant achievements in history. It shows what true courage can do, by the blessing of God, even under circumstances of the greatest extremity. The tale of British suffering and British courage during the past six months, is calculated to excite, on the one hand the keenest sympathy, and on the other the warmest admiration.

I cannot add to the heartrending accounts you have seen in the papers of all that has been endured during this crisis. We have scarcely yet awakened up to a real sense of our position. The whole seems like a dream. The first alarm, the long suspense regarding Delhi, the first flush of returning victory, and the daily accounts we have of continued success on the part of the Government, all occupy the mind, so that we have scarcely had time to collect our thoughts, and ask to what all this tends.

The time has scarcely come when the voice of the missionary can be heard in regard to the future of India. The clangor of arms is all that is now listened to; but the time is at hand when our voice will be heard, and when it will be seen, to a demonstration, that the missionaries are the only men in India who have generally been right in their opinions regarding the natives. Hitherto, the "old Indians" (as old English residents in India are called) have invariably accused us of being *harsh* in our estimate of native character. They considered the natives as very little inferior to ourselves in all the best attributes of a well-toned morality. Now, none so clamorous for vengeance, as these same old Indians; now, none so violent against their former favorites. Having been so sadly and terribly deceived, their anger knows no bounds. Missionaries generally are not much deceived. They knew what was beneath the mild surface of these blind idolaters. But I have said the voice of the missionary has not yet been heard. They have, as a rule, kept silent in India thus far. But the time is coming when the work of reorganization must take place, and, in the evidence that must operate on the minds of men in power, the testimony of the missions will not be wanting. Already, men in authority begin to look after *Native Christians* for Government employment. Hitherto, these poor people, as a class, have been proscribed from all Government offices, but now, if they were in numbers sufficient, they would not only fill the ranks of the future native army, but would, to a large extent, monopolize all important offices. A few days since Thomas Orr, who has been two years with us at Dehra, received with our approbation the appointment of Superintendent of Police at a neighboring station. This demand for

Christian labor will now prove a source of some embarrassment to all of us ; our best men will be tempted to leave us by the higher pay given by Government. But after all it will doubtless be overruled to the furtherance of the Gospel. Many who are now halting between two opinions will come over, and we will thus be enabled to recruit our forces from their ranks. Men of real worth will not likely abandon the service of Christ, and the Head of the Church can easily raise up more. To my mind the prospect is most encouraging. Now is the time for the Church of Christ to rise in her strength and complete the conquest of this idolatrous land. Let none fear for their personal safety ; I believe we shall be safer than ever before long. Let our young men and women who contemplate the missionary work in this country, not be discouraged by what has taken place. If need be, we must be prepared to suffer ; but security of life and property to Europeans is likely to be established on such a basis, that all attempts at rebellion or massacre, for the next hundred years, will be abortive. Thanks to our Heavenly Father, we are all safe in this mission thus far. Our beloved brethren of the Futteghur Station have, we fear, fallen victims, but we would still cling to a last faint hope that some of them may yet turn up. Futteghur was the station of all our missions most honored of God in the conversion of the natives. Its missionaries have now been honored by the *Martyr Crown*. God's ways are wonderful ! I must close, with warmest Christian love and regards to self and all friends in Christ.

I remain, truly yours,

J. S. WOODSIDE.

LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MISSION RETREAT, LANDOUR, October 29th, 1857.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER STUART :

The mail came in a few days ago, but brought none of your valuable and interesting communications to me. I have just now before me, however, yours to Brother Woodside, of 18th August, and, as we consider your letters (unless marked *private*) as public property, they go the rounds, and gratify everybody. We feel greatly strengthened and comforted on account of the sympathy and the prayers of our Christian friends. Indeed, we felt certain that a deep interest would be felt in the safety of all Christian missionaries in this distracted land, and when we felt in the greatest danger, and did not know the day or hour we might be sacrificed, like thousands of others, to the malice and bloodthirsty enmity of the heathen, we felt that should this be the case, our death might promote the great cause of India's evangelization, by disposing hundreds of more able and devoted men in Christian lands to come forth, with their lives in their hands, or rather in God's hands, to evangelize these miserable and benighted idolaters and Mohammedans, whose hands are now reeking with the blood of thousands of

Christians. O, nothing but the Gospel of peace can do them any good. Nothing but divine mercy, through an atoning Saviour, can meet their case. Nothing but the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, and the blood that cleanseth from *all* sin, can remove their guilt, and wash away their foul and infuriated crimes. And will not the Christian world give these people that glorious Gospel which has done so much for them? It strikes me that some such harrowing scenes as have occurred here the last five and a half months, were, in the providence of God, necessary in order to wake up sleeping churches and unfeeling Christians to a sense of their duty to the heathen of India. The Secretaries of our Board in New York, have been telling us that very few young men in the Seminaries are now offering themselves as foreign missionaries, and, that in proportion to the immense wealth that is flowing into the hands of professing Christians, a miserable pittance is given to evangelize for Christ, the many hundreds of millions living and perishing in pagan darkness. There are, indeed, *a few* noble-minded and philanthropic men, whose benevolence is almost unbounded, but why should the work be all thrown on their shoulders, or Christian liberality be confined to them, when every redeemed sinner, bought by the blood of Christ, is equally bound to consecrate himself and his *all* to the promotion of his Saviour's glory, and the eternal welfare of his fellow men. But I did not intend to write on this subject. Since my last, a movable column of the army at Delhi has been moving down the country to clear the way between Meirut and Agra, and to relieve the fort at the latter place, which was being threatened by the rebels. This column of brave and tried troops have taken the forts at Malighur and Alighur, and killed and destroyed many of the rebels. They then made forced marches into Agra, and the morning they arrived, and before they had pitched their tents, they were attacked by the mutineers, in number about 7000, and within a mile of the walls of the fort. Although the column did not number much more than the half of the mutineers, yet the latter were beaten, and some 500 or more killed; all their tents, camels, elephants, and ammunition, with some 14 large guns, were taken from them. They were completely scattered, and many were afterwards caught and carried into the camp, and blown away from the guns. The column since went on to Mynpuri, and dispersed another body of rebels there, and recovered about 300,000 rupees of treasure. They are now pushing on down the country, and, already the dak carriages begin to run on the grand trunk road, and, for the first time in more than five months, the post is open to Calcutta. This is to us all a great cause of thankfulness. The troops from England are pouring into Calcutta and Bombay, and pressing up the country with all speed, and it is hoped that, in a few months, most of the country now in the hands of the rebels, will be recovered. Still, we do not know what reverses may occur among such a deceitful people. Should a general rising occur, no foreign force could withstand our enemies. Every foreigner in the country might be poisoned in a day. So

that we live, as it were, on a mine, which might explode at any moment. But our hope in God is strong, and we believe he will not permit the heathen to cut off those whom he has sent to establish his kingdom in India. In Him we are safe for life or death.

Ever, dear brother Stuart, yours in our dear Lord Jesus,

J. R. CAMPBELL.

LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MISSION HOUSE, SAHARANPUR, November 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR BROTHER WYLIE,—Although I am to start for Ambala this afternoon, sixty miles distant, to attend the Annual Meeting of our mission, and have not, as you may suppose, much time to spare, yet I do not like the present overland mail to go off without a few lines to you. You will, I am sure, be glad to see my letter dated at the old place. I left the hills on the 6th inst., and was truly grateful to find that all our mission buildings and personal property, which it was the design of the rebels to destroy, were perfectly safe! God, in almost a miraculous manner, had restrained their wrath, and turned their counsels to foolishness. Every attack they made, though in great numbers, they were repulsed with immense slaughter, by a mere handful comparatively. The magistrate here, and a few companies of faithful Gurkhas, cut up and hanged many, so that terror was spread among the insurgents, and a general massacre was prevented. We are still threatened by some thousands, not far off, but we do not think they will have the courage to make an attack; and now we do trust the worst is over, and that gradually the whole country will settle down in peace and quietness. The people will learn a profitable lesson I hope, but, oh! how dear a lesson it is to them, and to the Christian community in India! While many thousands of Christians have been sacrificed, in the most cruel and heart-rending manner, many more of these poor creatures, ignorant of their destiny, and of the Saviour, have passed into an endless eternity, with all their sins and pollutions upon them! Many more will be cut off during the coming year, for being guilty of innocent blood; it is not fit that they should live. Mercy in their case would be unjust. We mourn over the sad fate of our Futteghur brethren. None of them were spared to tell the sad tale of their degradation and their woes; but it has been told by a native Christian woman who was an eye-witness, and it has filled us with horror. None of the friends of the deceased should ever hear it. It can only be fully disclosed at the judgment day. It will be a work of time—a sad and discouraging work—to repair the breaches that have been made in our lower mission; but we must never think of giving up the work that has been so favorably commenced. This may have been sent not only to chastise the churches at home, for having done so little to occupy the open field that Providence had spread out before them, and thus to prevent rebellion, but to try the strength of their

faith, and the extent of their zeal, to stem the current of opposition, and to come up now to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The only station injured in this mission is Lodiana, and the Lahore Government has given us fifty thousand rupees, and upwards, to meet all our losses, and this seems to be laid as a tax on the inhabitants of Lodiana, who aided and instigated the rebels in the work of destruction! This will be a good lesson to them, and prevent such things in future. The lives of all our missionaries and native Christians in this quarter have been spared. This is something very remarkable, and never to be forgotten. Here now, let us, indeed, erect an Ebenezer, and write upon it, "*Hitherto the Lord has helped us.*" Let us hope much for the future. O let us afresh consecrate our lives to God's service among these heathens, and labor more diligently for their salvation. I have no doubt but our deliverance from the hands of our enemies, will yet be traced instrumentally to the prayers that were poured out in faith by God's people in our behalf. A cord of sympathy was touched, and that sympathy, in union with the heart of our sympathizing High Priest above, nerved the arm that moves the world. Not a hair could fall from our heads, when our Father in Heaven designed to spare us for future usefulness. The heathen had no power at all against us, when the protecting wings of the Almighty were spread over us. O, how precious and consoling have the Psalms been to us of late, and how suitable to our circumstances! They never before appeared so full of meaning and so exactly adapted to our case. They furnished just the kind of prayer and praise we seemed to need. They will ever suit the Church *militant*.

Our usual labors will be resumed when I return from the meeting, about the end of the month. They have been partly resumed now, but we have not as yet thought it expedient to begin the bazaar preaching. All in good health and spirits. With warm Christian regards to self and Mrs. Wylie, not forgetting your venerable mother, as ever, dear brother Wylie, yours most affectionately,

J. R. CAMPBELL.

LETTER FROM REV. J. R. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MISSION HOUSE, SAHARANPUR, November 18th, 1857.

MY DEAR BROTHER STUART,—On the 11th instant, I wrote you a brief note, and now that another overland mail is about to leave, I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without sending you a line, if it were only just to say that we are all well and still safe from the hands of the rebels. It is hoped also that the danger is becoming less daily, but as we live among a treacherous and a bloody people, whose deeds of late have been something so horribly cruel, we must rejoice with trembling. Even now we may be living on the very spot where, in a moment, an awful eruption might burst forth, sweeping all before it. Certainly, we have but little confidence in man—superstitious, degraded man—blind and bloody heathen. All our confidence is in God—and that may be unlimited, confiding, joyful. We now feel more than ever before that nothing

can harm us if God be for us; and that in his hands we are just as safe in the face of a maddened and bloodthirsty population, as we could be in the midst of our dear Christian friends in Philadelphia. That we have been preserved till now is almost miraculous. At one time, we seemed to be much more in danger than thousands who have been horribly massacred. But God hid us as it were in the rock, until the whirlwind passed over. He put fear into the hearts of our enemies, when they had both the power and the will to cut us off. Surely there was some gracious design in all this. I take it, that there is a great work for us to do here, and that God has much people in this city, to whom the Gospel is to be preached as a "savor of life unto life." After the whirlwind that swept before Elijah, when God hid him in the clefts of the rock, there came the still small voice, and God was there. So, that still small voice of the Gospel is now to follow the earthquake; and we trust God will be seen in it, and his power felt by this people in a way that was not known before. And if this should be the case, will not the blood of so many martyrs, which has so plentifully saturated the soil of India the last few months, become the seed of the Church in this jungle of heathenism, where the wicked one has so long been rampant, and where he has so terribly shown his wrath? How could we expect him to be dispossessed when permitted to enter into the swine, without rushing them headlong to their own destruction? An ancient dynasty like this in Hindustan, is not to be overthrown without blood and awful heavings in society. No strange thing, in this fiery trial, has happened to us. We believe that still greater convulsions must yet take place before Popery and Heathenism be overthrown, and the reign of the Prince of Peace be fully established in all lands. Let the rising generation therefore gird on the sword and prepare themselves for the battle. Tell your Sabbath-school pupils to look at the work before them, and at the armor their Captain of salvation has so fully provided. Eph. 6. Let them read old Gurnall, and he will teach them how to buckle on this armor and the use of their weapons! There will soon be a great work for them to do here. "The Lord has need of them." He is calling loudly in his providence for many young recruits. He offers the king's bounty. He will lead on his armies, and go before in storming the breach. He cries as he leads, "Give me victory or give me death!" He falls! but there is a glorious conquest in that fall! His death is the death of death. By it he crushes the head of the serpent, and secures the redemption of his Church. He rises to take the sting from death, and to reign as King in Zion for evermore. What, though the heathen rage tumultuously, and imagine a vain thing, saying, "Let us cut them off from being a nation. Let us break their bands in sunder, and cut their cords from us! The Lord who sits in heaven shall laugh them to scorn;—in rage he shall vex them." Well, this is a strange kind of a letter. Excuse the subject into which I have insensibly gone, and as ever, with warmest Christian regards, your devoted Christian brother,

J. R. CAMPBELL.

Editorial.

PRESENTATION TO DR. McLEOD AND HISTORICAL DISCOURSE.

A LARGE portion of the present Number is occupied with the address to Dr. McLeod and Historical Discourse. Though the documents are somewhat lengthy, they will be read with interest. The discourse is valuable as a part of the Church's history; it relates to events, not only connected with our own Church, but gives interesting reminiscences of other evangelical churches in New York for a long period. We not only congratulate the Pastor, who has, in the providence of God, been spared to labor in the ministry for a quarter of a century, on its completion, and in the strong testimony of affection from the people he has so long served, but the people in honoring themselves. We hope they have many years yet unitedly to labor in the Master's cause. The sum presented was \$650, instead of \$600, as previously reported.

THE PAPERS ON CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

WE have been obliged, through press of matter, and principally through the tardiness of our receiving the communication, to leave for the next number that, which should have appeared in the present. Other papers also are in type, which will appear in our next.

OBITUARIES.

DIED, on Saturday morning, December 19th, 1857, JESSE KIRKPATRICK, aged 66 years, 5 months, and 28 days.

The deceased was born in Cumberland, now Perry County, Pa., June 21st, 1791. He connected himself with the Presbyterian Church at an early age. When the separation in that Church took place he was found with the Old School. He was elected and ordained a ruling elder in that Church, which office he held, with much satisfaction to the Church, for about twenty-seven years in the same congregation. He emigrated to the State of Illinois, in March, 1855, and settled in De Kalb County, where he connected himself with the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Somonauk, in said County, in which congregation he was a consistent and beloved member, until he was called upon to join the Church triumphant.

It was the writer's privilege to be with him in his last illness, to witness his last breath, and close his eyes after death; and truly we may say, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

His disease (which was erysipelas in the head), caused his mind to wander, but he appeared at times in earnest prayer, and a few hours before his death, when he was supported by two of his sons

in a sitting posture, we heard him distinctly say, "*The glory of God.*" O! what an important sentence.

Minister, pause and read it again, and reflect on it. Christian, learn it by heart; yes, let the world study and reflect on its importance. All we are, all we have, all we do, is connected or should be connected with this all-important, this brief sentence.

He left a wife and six children, three sons and three daughters, to mourn their loss, which is his gain; for Paul says by the Spirit, that "for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." His widow and four of his children are members of the same congregation of which he was a member, and we trust that all his children are walking or will walk in his footsteps. His family, the congregation, the Church, and the community have met with a great loss, and truly we may say a great one has fallen. "The fathers, where are they, and the prophets, do they live forever?" "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "The righteous die, and no man layeth it to heart, none knowing that they are taken away from the evil to come." In this, as well as all other dispensations of our Father in heaven, it becomes us to bow in humble submission. "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." "It is well." "For all flesh is grass, and all the glory of man, as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth forever." "And the righteous will be had in everlasting remembrance." *****

(Presbyterian Banner please copy.)

Mr. JAMES M. WYATT, son of Thomas and Isabel Wyatt, an efficient member of the Hepzibah Congregation, Tenn., died of bilious fever, of eight days' sickness, on the 26th day of August, in the 27th year of his age. He was a youth of fine disposition and of good promise. He came out boldly as a witness for Christ and the rights of God, as well as the rights of man. The stand which he took, while it satisfied his own conscience, increased his influence for good, the respect in which he was held in society, in the prayer-meeting, and in the sanctuary. On Sabbath, his seat was seldom vacant, without good excuse. As opportunity was afforded, he was actively employed in every good work, in aiding, in his place, the Sabbath-school; and the missionary association engaged his attention and commanded his respect. His last illness he bore with Christian resignation, submitting himself to the will of God. As he lived so he died, in the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ. He spent his last moments, on earth, in singing portions of psalms, with, and in the midst of a large circle of his friends; the last portion, sung in an audible voice, not ten minutes before the spirit fled to God who gave it, was the 42d Psalm, 1st and 2d verses.

Like as the hart for water brooks,
In thirst doth pant and bray;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to Thee I may.

My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst: when shall I near
Unto Thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear?

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